

A  
DESCRIPTIVE POEM,  
ON THE  
TOWN AND TRADE  
OF  
LIVERPOOL.

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By JOHN WALKER, SHOEMAKER.

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LIVERPOOL:  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY H. HODGSON, FOR THE AUTHOR,  
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THE  
TOWN AND  
LIVESTOCK

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HE following Piece is the Production of a Person, whose Circumstances in Life will never procure him the Favour of the merely Fashionable and Gay, as the humble Appellation of a Shoemaker, may possibly prejudice them against a Perusal of his Poem. But whatever Sentiments such Persons may form, either of the one or the other, the Author has ventured to launch his little Bark, amid the Acclamations of his kind Subscribers, indulgent Friends, and generous Benefactors, perfectly regardless, whether it splits on the Rocks of Criticism, or sinks in Oblivion.—It originated from a severe Stroke of domestic Affliction, with which his dear Partner in Life was long visited ; she was restored to Health in one of the Public Charities of this Town, through the Instrumentality of a Gentleman of the Faculty, whose Skill and Abilities in his Profession need no Encomium. The Author had Thoughts of writing a short Eulogy on the Infirmary only, but was afterwards advised to extend his Ideas to the Town and Trade in general. He began the pleasing Task about Three Years ago, and when a leisure Hour occurred he wrote, as his daily Avocation would permit. He is perfectly sensible that the Execution of the Work, as a Poetical



etical Composition, falls infinitely short of the Dignity of the Theme; but hopes that every possible Allowance will be made him, when he assures the Reader, all that he knows of Letters, is the result of his own Study and Application, as his low Sphere of Life, has deprived him of Two of the most necessary Means of acquiring Knowledge, viz. Books and polite Conversation.—He begs Leave thus publicly to return his most grateful Acknowledgements to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Liverpool, who have honoured him with their Names to this local Essay, and thereby conferred a lasting Obligation on their and the Public's

devoted,

much obliged,

most obedient,

and,

most humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

E R R A T A

Page 11, line 11, for BEDSTON, read BIDSTON.

— 41, — 22, for indignant, read indigent.

— 59, — 18, for Whilberfore, read Wilberforce.





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# L I V E R P O O L,

## P O E M.

**C**OME my good genius aid the bard to spell,

This borough's name, and all its glory tell,

Read the broad volume of this pop'ulous place,

Its ancient features and its modern face!

WHEN the rude model of this famous town,

In a few huts of fishermen was shewn;

Ages remote, who fix'd their dwelling here,

Now wreck'd their names as tho' they never were.

A venerable bold industrious race,

Who first improv'd and coloniz'd this place,

By chance directed to this copious stream,

Which then with fish of various kinds did teem;



For shoals of herrings swarm'd then on this coast,  
 But now their devious way long since they've lost.  
 Tradition tells they shun the wasteful hand,  
 That strew their carcases to feed the land.  
 Their constitutions vig'rous firm and strong,  
 They fought their food the wat'ry shores along,  
 But when with friends they held the social feast,  
 Beef, ale and pudding cheer'd each welcome guest;  
 That nerve-impairing juice, pernicious tea,  
 O happy age! was then unknown to thee;  
 Beef was the breakfast to the maids of Bess,  
 Six rumps each morn their stinted quota was;  
 Nor wanted bards who sung in di'lect rude,  
 The virgin's blush, the noble warrior's feud,  
 The racer's swiftness, and the archer's skill,  
 What prize this gain'd, and that how far he'd kill;  
 The rustic gambol or the sprightly dance,  
 Or fierce encounter of the tilting lance,  
 The lover's conquest beauty's powerful flame,  
 In ev'ry clime, age, circumstance the same;  
 That generous passion perfected above,  
 Which men admire, and gods themselves approve,

Unchang'd





Unchang'd its nature both in man and beast,  
Whether more rudely or polite exprest;  
Warm strains of gratitude to hero's dead,  
Or chieftains brave who in their place succeed;  
Such were the themes those ancient druids sung,  
In tropes and figures nervous bold and strong:  
O blissful age when those primeval fires,  
Only possess'd what nature pure requires;  
Like pilgrims trav'ling thro' life's rugged road,  
More than suffic'd, they deem'd a cumb'rous load.  
The modern luxuries of polish'd life,  
That fire our passions and augment our strife,  
Offensive weeds, which spring in folly's field,  
Manur'd by time, were from their eyes conceal'd,  
Bare human knowledge makes us only crave,  
And grasp at objects which we ne'er can have.—  
No docks the captive waters then retain'd,  
Nor distant ports our flags adven'trous gain'd,  
No streets were plann'd nor buildings rais'd by rule,  
The LIVER sported round his native POOL;  
Hence sprung the name:—grateful rememb'rance warms,  
And still the Liver marks this borough's arms;

Hail



Hail sacred pool! once fam'd in days of yore,  
 A reservoir for live fish drawn to shore.  
 When the rude winds the river lash'd to foam,  
 This common fund was jointly shar'd at home;  
 The heron livers, sweep'd the finny prey,  
 Till frequent robb'ries drove those birds away;  
 Nor deem this fiction, since no wolves we know  
 In Britain now,—the sheep's inveterate foe.

Its future greatness then in embryo lay,  
 The glimm'ring dawn of this meridian day;  
 At length the genius of the British isle,  
 Deign'd on this spot auspiciously to smile,  
 Bid commerce waft her treasures to this port,  
 And 'stablish here Britannia's second mart;  
 Commerce obey'd, and forth in triumph rode,  
 The sov'reign mandate to proclaim abroad,  
 Her arms expanded round the globe she threw,  
 And half its wealth to LIVERPOLIA drew,  
 Old ocean smil'd, and smooth'd his billows o'er,  
 To see his empire spread on Mersey's shore;

A wond'rous



A wond'rous transformation hence took place,  
 The town improv'd with each succeeding race,  
 The pristine hamlet gradual wore away,  
 And new constructions on the ruins lay.  
 The paddling scullers now were laid aside,  
 And mast'd ferries on the river ply'd,  
 Norwegian pines were then transported here,  
 And rose in finish'd masts aloft in air,  
 Vast magazine ! so amply to supply  
 Our ships with trees so thick, straight, sound and high,  
 Unnumber'd keels then on the stocks were laid,  
 The solid basis of our growing trade ;  
 The sever'd planks with strong elastic spring,  
 Around the timbers then were taught to cling ;  
 This useful art to Noah first convey'd,  
 But Europe's sons have vast improvements made ;  
 As navigators through the world yet known,  
 They stand distinguish'd in this art alone :  
 Thus ships are sacred,—mariners you see,  
 And such Britannia, may thine always be.  
 Nocturnal torches, too, illum'd our coast,  
 To save the passing ships from being lost :



The shifting shoals with each returning tide,  
Requir'd the pilot's skill to safely guide ;  
On board he enters, takes the sole command,  
And on the wharf the cargoes safely land ;  
Now active trade with bright success was crown'd,  
Which when the neighb'ring nations once had found,  
That LIVERPOLIA kept an open port,  
It soon became a general grand resort ;  
The Scotch and Irish flock'd in numbers o'er,  
And pitch'd their tents on Mersey's bounteous shore ;  
Their sep'rate int'rests hence were melted down,  
And rose a pop'lous, rich incorp'rate town :  
Thus Rome's first founder aggrandiz'd his feat,  
And strangers shar'd each priv'lege of the state,  
The vagrant tribes who there for safety rang'd,  
To Roman citizens were quickly chang'd ;  
Endow'd with power like ben'fits to confer,  
On slaves or fugitives who settled there,  
Hence num'rous legions fill'd Cannæ's \* disgrace,  
Supplies for war or colonies of peace.

\* A bloody battle fought between Hannibal and the Romans.



This rais'd her grandeur, honour, wealth and fame,  
And distant worlds courted the Roman name.  
So now free trade is banish'd Cestria's walls,  
Each priv'lege of this place her own she calls,  
Here she may rear her flag and ply the oar,  
And reap rich harvests on Lancastria's shore.

Come, Muse, on PLEASANT MOUNT, let's fix our stand,  
And the best prospect of the town command,  
Th' excursive eye shoots quick with boundless sweep,  
Around the Welkin down the glassy deep,  
Whose face appears with burnished gold to glow,  
When Phœbus broad hangs o'er the ocean low;  
See the Welsh mountains prop the distant sky,  
And fruitful vales far stretching fill the eye;  
See sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream,  
And suns reflected from the cabbins gleam;  
Like a rich salvage bord'ring Mersey's flood,  
Time immemorial Cestria's land hath stood,  
While o'er the channel boats incessant ply,  
To store our markets with a fresh supply,

The



The rich productions of the neighbouring lands,  
Are scarce enough for what this town demands,  
Their cattle, fields, gardens and orchards stor'd,  
Set out our stalls or smoke upon our board,  
Esculents young pluck'd early from their soil,  
Amplly reward th' industr'ous gard'ners toil.

The STONE DELF here attracts th' attentive muse,  
Three hundred yards in length its surface shews,  
The subterraneous entrance dark and long,  
Seems quite romantic prop'd by arches strong,  
Twice eight feet deep this quarry vein descends,  
And in a marley stratum thence it ends.  
From this most useful and convenient place,  
New Liverpool borrows her modern drefs,  
Her churches, spires, piers, batt'ries, columns grand,  
Obedient rise at potent art's command;  
This the smooth chissel forms to various shapes,  
Till life itself the finished figure apes,  
With admiration all its parts we view,  
Uncertain if 'twas carv'd or if it grew;

The



A P O E M.

The future bridge of huge stupendous size,  
 In this contracted form yet rudely lies,  
 When rais'd by thee to stem the running tides,  
 The bending arch the river deep bestrides.  
 O Art ! thy powers elicit who can trace ?  
 Even time itself will prove too short a space.  
 Here LIVERPOLIA like a royal queen,  
 With her attendant villages is seen,  
 Everton, Kirkdale, Richmond and Lowhill,  
 Whose purer air the town's disorders kill,  
 Where veteran merchants,—now the harvest's o'er,  
 In life's decline enjoy their gather'd store,  
 With health, peace, plenty, kindly spar'd by heav'n,  
 As public blessings to this borough given ;  
 To plan (municipal) the code of laws,  
 That life and vigour give this marine cause ;  
 O ye whose vessels stem the driving tide,  
 Or view your naval fleets at anchor ride,  
 Or your rich merchandizes croud the strand,  
 By winds auspicious safely blown to land ;  
 The pond'rous bales and pipes heap'd tire on tire,  
 That cheer your hearts and raise your fortunes higher,

D

Fraught



Fraught with the wines of Lisbon, France and Spain,  
Or the sweet juices of the Indian cane;  
O let the poor your gen'rous bounty share,  
That heav'n may bless your trade the following year,  
Th' industrious poor who sober plans pursue,  
To give their families and mankind their due,  
Oft ling'ring sickness all their schemes o'erturns,  
And genius under these sad pressures mourns.  
The public charities tho' you support,  
Some characters your alms in private court,  
A loaded ass when foundr'd in the clay,  
If kindly rais'd can urge his journeying way,  
Ye few selected from the vulgar throng,  
By nature form'd to taste the poet's song,  
To you the muse for kind protection flies,  
Her faults to mend and learn to be more wise,  
'Tis yours to gently raise her feeble stem,  
And friendly praise, or justly to condemn;  
Yet if my numbers hap'ly should you please,  
And Crispin's shrub be rank'd amongst the trees,  
The Scotian reed has oft on Albion plains,  
Allur'd the virgins and rejoic'd the swains;

But



But 'tis enough if LIVERPOOL should own,  
Th' imperfect outlines of her prosperous town.

The busy MILLS see how they stretch their sails,  
And with the veering wind quick catch the gales,  
Quicker or slower hence they constant ply,  
Nor fear the summer's drought their dams to dry,  
Yet when becalm'd, or want of gift that's worse,  
Still Jackson's mill maintains its constant course;  
That grand machine depends upon the flood,  
And half prepares and masticates our food.

When BEDSTON SIGNALS stream aloft in air,  
T' inform the merchants that their ships are near,  
The guns and bells announce the joyful news,  
And tubes perspective catch distincter views;  
For lo! a fleet now round the rock appears,  
And up the channel each the rudder steers,  
Laden with wealth to fill the empty stores,  
And pour the riches of a thousand shores.  
When ships arrive, in troops the females stand,  
News, lovers, husbands, relatives demand,

Their



Their various passions, love, hope, joy and fear,  
Are rack'd till full intelligence they hear ;  
Some learn their better, some their adverse fate,  
And from this æra widowhood they date,  
Marinier's wife and babes have cause to weep,  
His fun'ral urn proves the remorseless deep.  
These sad calamities are frequent known,  
And mark the annals of each seaport town,  
But this catastrophe was so severe,  
The muse attempts the sad narration here,  
Marinier down the Mersey easy bore,  
His purpos'd voyage to the Irish shore,  
My friend Pillinius all things had prepar'd,  
And went at eve a passenger on board,  
With many others nameless to the muse,  
Who now recoils to recollect the news.  
Soon dusky night envelop'd all the skies,  
The tardy moon and stars refus'd to rise ;  
Each loosen'd sail hung shivering in the wind,  
To star or larboard dubiously inclin'd.  
The fresh'ning breeze at length sprung up more strong,  
And gath'ring waves now swiftly roll'd along ;

The



The scowling heav'ns threw out a deeper gloom,  
Too sure presage of their approaching doom;  
The howling tempest quick Marinier hears,  
And for the Cambrian coast directly steers;  
If he perchance should reach Beaumaris bay,  
And ride the storm out till the approaching day,  
They gain the bay, the squall more fierce attacks,  
And seas mountainous sweep across the decks,  
The foaming tempest dash'd from shore to shore,  
Quick light'nings glare, tremendous thunders roar,  
Whilst hope and fear alternate rose to view,  
The tempest height'ned and their terrors grew.  
Now over board the ponderous anchor's cast,  
Which long sustain'd the furious angry blast,  
The main-mast springs up from its basis torn,  
And swims a wreck, by driving surges borne;  
But who can paint the anguish and distress,  
That fill'd each heart and sat on ev'ry face;  
When the big storm continued still to last,  
And menac'd fell destruction, every blast;  
Distressing signals nothing now avail'd,  
The warring elements more loud prevail'd,

E

And



And none durst venture, as no boat could live,  
Heaven only now effectual aid must give.  
At length the vessel from her moorings broke,  
And quick receiv'd her last tremendous stroke,  
The seamen now all hopes of life forego,  
And join the burst of complicated woe.  
Pillinius long had own'd that sovereign hand,  
Who shakes the tempest o'er the sea and land,  
The wild uproar of winds, earth, sea and skies,  
With calm composure views,—on GOD relies ;  
Collecting all his soul for mercy calls,  
Then to the bottom instantly he falls ;  
Crew, passengers, ship, captain, all were lost,  
That dismal night deliverance none could boast.  
A dreadful murmur echo'd to the shore,  
Then all was hush'd the tragedy was o'er :  
But oh ! the lazy morn at last arose,  
And all this scene of horror did disclose ;  
The floating wreck lay scattered round the bay,  
To coasting plund'ers now a ready prey,  
But this inhuman practice is no more,  
At least we hope around the British shore.

Pillinius'



Pillinius' body with the tide arose,  
Known by his watch, his papers, and his cloaths,  
That small machine Sedatus keeps with care,  
The only relic of a brother dear.  
The storm commission'd now its rage had spent,  
With only one shipwreck, it seem'd content,  
But the surviving relatives even here,  
Thought heaven to them alas! was too severe.  
A female here sometime surviv'd the rest,  
Who clasp'd her smiling infant to the breast,  
Pitch'd by a sea she gain'd a distant wreck,  
And heard the foaming billows round her break,  
The baby lisp'd, "Mamma what noise is this?"  
'Tis the devouring deep to swallow us;  
For us these wat'ry mountains yawn and roar,  
Our fellow suff'ers, just are drown'd before.  
Here take this blow the innocent reply'd,  
Cease, naughty waves, or me will scold and chide;  
Why will you kill my mammy:—cruel storms,  
Then down they went, clasp'd in each others arms.  
Rest peaceful shade within thy wat'ry tomb,  
While I rehearse the story of thy doom;

Here



Here let the muse with sympathetic woe,  
 Sad as thy sufferings Lindamira flow;  
 Her husband dy'd, and left an only child,  
 Who oft the mother's poignant griefs beguil'd,  
 Her mourning weeds height'ned her native charms,  
 And brought unnumber'd suitors to her arms:  
 Lotheria came with well dissembled fraud,  
 An easy conquest of the fair one made,  
 Her pregnancy disclos'd the guilty flame,  
 Abandon'd now to poverty and shame;  
 In private oft she gave her sorrows vent,  
 And often wrote, but he no answer sent,  
 Few friends she had, and when misfortunes came,  
 Ev'n these withdrew and left her but the name:  
 She claim'd Hibernia as her native shore,  
 And with Marinier purpos'd to sail o'er,  
 But with her child was swallow'd by the waves,  
 And now they rest both in their wat'ry graves;  
 May her disastrous fate oh! perjur'd swain,  
 With full conviction, all thy guilt explain.

Ingenious



Ingenious Rowe, the very truth hath said,  
The fair "by men of sense were ne'er betray'd." \*  
Pillinius' converse in my humble cell,  
Will long I trust on my remembrance dwell,  
For of his vacant hours I had some share,  
When disengag'd from business toil and care;  
The vicious follies of this present age,  
Could ne'er his honest, manly heart engage,  
Like foul contagion, far from them he'd fly,  
And hated scandal, and abhorr'd a lie.  
Let seamen learn from shipwrecks, winds, and storms,  
To fear that GOD, who all his will performs,  
For all his works, and ways are just and good,  
Although by sinful mortals misconstru'd,  
Your lives appear heaven's more immediate care,  
And yet his dreadful name in pieces tear;  
Amphibious mortals sure it must be said,  
You're neither living properly nor dead,  
So dang'rous and precarious is your trade;

\* *Vide*, Rowe's Fair Penitent, a Tragedy well known.



Does blasphemy augment your naval skill,  
To work the vessels right and guide the till?  
Tis strange that men so much indulg'd by heaven,  
To vice so black habitual should be given.  
Ye wives and mistresses be fond and true,  
Think on the hardships they sustain for you,  
For you to ev'ry distant clime they roam,  
To keep you happy and content at home,  
Through winds, seas, storms, th' extremes of cold and heat,  
Nor grudge the toil your welcome smiles to meet;  
An honest tar by sense and honour led,  
Deserves a queen to share his genial bed,  
Britannia's safeguard under our great GOD,  
To Spain a terror and to France a rod,  
While deeds unmatched your dauntless courage tell,  
Forbear to use this dialect of hell;  
Yet would the muse bewail your hapless fate,  
Too oft thrown by the lumber of the state,  
Reduc'd by sad necessity to beg,  
With fest'ring sores and amputated leg;  
Your youthful vigour in the navy spent,  
And (piteous case) no legal settlement,

You.



You drag the ship in mini'ture along,  
And tell your hardships in a wretched song;  
Rulers stand forth, suggest some useful plan,  
Allot a pension for each wounded man;  
Nor let the seamen round the country stroll,  
Since royal Greenwich can't support the whole,  
Their merit begs, demands their humble dole.  
Marinier's parrot chatt'ring in the cage,  
His vacant hours on shore no more engage,  
His small museum glean'd with cost and care,  
The spouse and children claim'd an equal share,  
Their loves kept pace with wedlock's sacred tie,  
That bond dissolv'd, her grief would heavier lie;  
Scarce conscious that the root had grown so well,  
Till premature the Sire and husband fell;  
Ye sorrowing relicts dry your fruitless tears,  
GOD for the fatherless and widow cares,  
His lib'ral hand the whole creation fills,  
The raven and sparrow find their wonted meals,  
Even hungry lions roaring for their prey,  
Are constantly supply'd as well as they.

Descending



Descending from this eminence the muse,  
Intent the town more closely to peruse,  
That clust'ring rises and confus'd appears,  
And one deep hum of bus'ness fill the ears;  
Thus an encampment when at distance view'd,  
An undistinguish'd group of figures rude;  
But enter'd in the lines you clearly see,  
Exact proportion and just symmetry,  
A reg'lar plan throughout the whole laid down,  
In that health-giving temporary town;  
At last the town a fairer face assumes,  
And Architecture heaves her swelling domes,  
To right and left, on either side the street,  
The ancient piles obsequiously retreat,  
And elegance with a peculiar grace,  
Adorn, enlarge and beautify the place,  
And each new house seems like some palace fair;  
With shops cramb'd full of ev'ry kind of ware;  
From Pool-lane bottom, forward to th' Exchange,  
The cornucopia now the eye can range.



The clear'd EXCHANGE conspicuous stands alone,  
 And all its squares are now distinctly shown,  
 Superbly grand in neat Corinthian taste,  
 The buildings round at proper distance plac'd;  
 Here the town senate sits in close debate,  
 And pris'ners the decisive sentence wait;  
 Mercy o'er justice, oft does here prevail,  
 Tho' guilt prepond'rates and o'erturns the scale;  
 Here deep negociators friendly meet,  
 For trade and business daily in the street,  
 Transact their weighty mercantile affairs,  
 And vend their various rich exotic wares,  
 In grand procession at the hallow tide,  
 The ancient bound'ries of the town they ride,  
 The mayor and council, with their friends combin'd,  
 The public charters thus successive bind;  
 Young jockies here, the cavalcade attend,  
 The liberties hereafter to defend,  
 Whose mem'ries fair, like ledgers yet unfill'd,  
 Can point their sons the rights their grandfathers held.  
 O happy isle! where wholesome laws secure  
 The subject's property, both rich and poor;



The sov'reign bounds, yet all his rights maintain,  
 His people's happiness his greatest gain;  
 Thus while the town improves on every side,  
 As fast the vessels off the stocks they glide,  
 The blended suburbs now no more are known,  
 Lost in th' embraces of the circling town,  
 Each vacant place my walks was wont to meet,  
 Some months elaps'd, springs up a finish'd street.

Ten SACRED STRUCTURES, consecrate to GOD,  
 With guides to lead and point the heavenly road,  
 By law establish'd, yet its lenient voice,  
 Allows all sects their own religious choice;  
 Sainted with titles, chief St. George's grand,  
 Each Sunday boasts the magisterial wand;  
 The pulpit, pews and gall'ries all you see,  
 Are form'd of rich, Spanish mahogany.

Lancastrian heroes of immortal name,  
 Whose deeds stand high in the records of fame;  
 Your house 'gainst York's did long and fierce contend,  
 Till Henry Tudor did your interests blend;

Illustrious



Illustrious Derby, of the Stanley race,  
 Your fires renown'd, the English annals grace,  
 All posts of honor long they've ably fill'd,  
 In church and senate, cabinet and field;  
 'Twas Stanley's conqu'ring sword and timely aid,  
 That Richmond's earl an English monarch made,  
 Th' important victory long suspended hung,  
 Till "Save king Henry," echoed from each tongue;  
 When fell the tyrant, \*royalty's disgrace,  
 The last and worst of all Plantagenet's race.  
 May you, my lord, your ancestry long grace,  
 And live to prove you sprung from Stanley's race;  
 True greatness flows not with congenial blood,  
 They're only great who're virtuous, wise and good;  
 Permit the bard to use his magic wand,  
 And Winton's camp bring back at its command;  
 With you, my lord, on †Magdalene's chalky foil,  
 I spent some months in military toil,

\* King Richard III. slain at Bosworth field, in Leicestershire.

† A hill near the city of Winchester, where a camp was formed the last war.



No hostile blood was shed our arms to stain,  
The summer clos'd, a deathless quiet campaign;  
Your royal corps and ours, contiguous lay,  
And bore the prize on the reviewing day;  
Soon as their Majesties enter'd the ground,  
The royal salutation echo'd round,  
The line survey'd, flanks, centre, front and rear,  
No troops more clean,—better disciplin'd were:  
The King dismounts, and to the right retir'd,  
The signal gun advanc'd, was quickly fir'd;  
The ranks then clos'd, and at the next discharge,  
Wheel'd round the line and form'd divisions large,  
March'd to the right, then pass'd our Monarch by,  
And drew fresh courage from his royal eye;  
Then form'd, and through the evolutions went,  
Much to our honour and the King's content;  
The pomp of war abstract from wounds and death,  
Was shewn at Winton, Warley and Coxheath.  
But your brave uncle \* realiz'd the whole,  
When captur'd and enlarg'd on his parole;

\* General Burgoyne.



A P O E M.

25

The Muse would sing the gallant Major too,  
A brother nobly born my Lord as you,  
Whose heart and uniform were both true blue.  
Enter'd the lists for glory's prize to run.  
But death arrests him e'er he'd well begun.  
Cou'dst thou not Death fix thy envenom'd sting?  
And to the grave some hoary vet'ran bring?  
No, thy commission was to bear away,  
Stanley the young, the vig'rous and the gay.

Brave Tarleton, whose fam'd deeds th' Muse inspire,  
Distinguish'd honour nobly didst acquire,  
Thy name deserves the epithet of great,  
Who propt so long Britannia's western state,  
Till the stupendous weight at last gave way,  
And thirteen provinces in ruins lay.  
When fierce rebellion in battalia stood,  
And delug'd half America in blood,  
With glowing ardour left his kindred here,  
In Britain's cause embark'd a volunteer.  
Methinks I see the intrepid youth advance,  
And singly dare th' united force of France;

H

His



His bounding charger scorns the glitt'ring spear,  
And plunges headlong through the burning war;  
With dreadful sweep around his falch'on goes,  
And swift destruction liber'ly bestows.  
Heading his troops th' undaunted hero burns,  
While rage and pity fir'd his breast by turns;  
Nor thirst of blood was the bold warrior's aim,  
'Twas England's glory and immortal fame.  
Even great Cornwallis own'd himself outdone,  
And Mars adopts him for his genuine son;  
His matchless courage even his foes allow,  
And prais'd the laurel on his conquering brow.

Ye dunghill weeds whose courage ne'er rose high'r,  
Than plan campaigns around the tavern fire,  
Through spectacles you can descry afar,  
Britannia's success in a future war;  
But if th' event should prove your fight was lame,  
The minister or gen'ral then you blame;  
" 'Twas want of skill the expedition fail'd,  
" Our foes victorious, and their walls unscal'd."

Or



Or else that worn out story,—Love of gold,  
Is whisper'd round,—“Our country's bought and sold.”  
Your black aspersions cease nor dare arraign,  
Nor England's heroes thus ignobly stain;  
Durst you like them such enterprizes dare,  
Midst all the loosen'd fury of the war?  
Your tim'rous souls would shrink and melt with fear,  
If thund'ring cannons once assail'd your ear.

The docks capacious let the Muse survey,  
Scoop'd from the land, maugre the force of sea,  
Which strives its ancient bound'ries to regain,  
Till art and labour prove its efforts vain;  
Inclos'd in safety here the vessels ride,  
Nor fears the tempest, winds, the seas nor tide;  
Like well disciplin'd troops subject to law,  
While the dock-master keeps the whole in awe.  
Some just arriv'd discharge their cumb'rous load,  
Some with exports again are richly stow'd;  
Some like maim'd warriors to their stocks repair,  
Whose shatter'd hulks demand the shipwright's care;

Some



Some naked lie stripp'd of their gay attire,  
Mark'd out for sale or to let out for hire;  
Some idly all the winter slumb'ring lie,  
Till spring recalls them to a fiercer sky,  
Where antient boreas holds his blust'ring reign,  
And snows eternal whiten all the plain;  
'Tis trade invig'rates, and keeps all alive,  
To store this Lancashire commercial hive;  
Thus nature's alchymists, the busy bees;  
Their commonwealth enriches by degrees;  
From ev'ry opening blossom of the spring,  
Their joint collections to the gran'ries bring;  
O'er meads, fields, gardens, wide dispers'd they glean,  
Till full perfection swells the magazine.  
Industry here in full extent is shewn,  
And death's the portion of each lazy drone.  
'Bove thirty thousand tuns of shipping see,  
All with their broadsides close to ev'ry quay,  
Besides an area in the centre, void  
For neutral ships discharg'd and unemploy'd.  
Lo, now the floodgates ope with solemn pace,  
To give the ent'ring vessels free access,

Or



Or form a bridge across the gulph below,  
Where pond'rous wains and passengers may go ;  
But when th' imprison'd tide stagnate becomes,  
Mix'd with unwholesome conduits gross perfumes,  
Like a foul vomit, off the waters fly,  
While the kind Mersey sends a fresh supply.  
This fluid scavenger, the filth conveys,  
And sweeps the nuisance down the Irish seas ;  
Hence no pernicious consequence is known,  
From these receptacles, ev'n in the town ;  
Save some unwary mortals who are drown'd,  
Tho' guardian chains, encompass each around.  
O stream propitious ! 'tis to thee we owe,  
The health and plenty in our streets that flow ;  
Still bounteous be and deign to bless our coast,  
Nor let the trade you gave be tamely lost ;  
So shall each native bark which owns thy shore,  
Free commerce echo with a loud encore !  
If e'er our senate should attempt again,  
To give the Slave-trade up to France and Spain,  
The northern fish'ries yet these ills may cure,  
Millions of captives there you can secure ;



These glitt'ring clouds that make our seas to shine,  
Might prove to Britains a Peruvian mine.  
Why then to glean abroad, why will you roam?  
When plenteous harvests may be reap'd at home.  
Why let the Dutch this treasure bear away,  
Can you not catch and cure as well as they?  
O herring! monarch of the finny race,  
Vouchsafe my humble table still to grace;  
Let me enjoy a good white barrel cur'd,  
Who beef, veal, mutton, cannot well afford.  
Oft have I known the Caledonian swains,  
Ere yet I wander'd from my native plains,  
On bread and herrings make a sweet repast,  
Thence thrash the barn and turn the barren waste;  
Or when the fithe or fickle sharp he wields,  
Or shaves the ground and crops the rip'ned fields;  
Panting beneath Sol's fierce meridian heat,  
Bread, ale and herring, counts a joyful treat,  
And hunger keen his appetite doth whet.  
Rouse Britons then, stretch forth th' inactive hand,  
When population such supplies demand;



A P O E M.

31

Each workhouse through the land manag'd with care,  
One weekly meal would half consume your ware;  
Let all united in this trade engage,  
And be the cat'ers of the present age.

To guard the sacred rights of this free port,  
'Twas found expedient to erect the FORT;  
With all the dread concomitants of war,  
The manly sport of each bold British tar.  
If e'er our foes should urge the desp'rate game,  
These tubes of death, their insolence shall tame.  
Then bold invaders! dare not here to come,  
They wait but the command to seal your doom!  
When the sure symptoms of a war appear,  
Each bold advent'rer mans his privateer,  
Ev'n land mechanics, thirst for captur'd gain,  
A wooden leg, or else a golden chain.  
May ev'ry cruize with prizes rich be crown'd,  
And men and ships, return here safe and found,  
With gold in ballast, courage their convoy,  
And safely land with streaming flags of joy.

When



When silver Luna with attractive powers,  
Impels the ocean to its farthest shores,  
Here crouds in autumn from the country stray,  
To wash their real or fancy'd ills away ;  
The annual draught of this salubr'ous stream,  
A sovereign catholicon they deem,  
More pow'rful all their maladies to heal,  
Than med'cines art or the learn'd doctor's skill.  
Rins'd in the tide, immers'd beneath the wave,  
A longer term they hope to cheat the grave ;  
The croud promiscuous straight embrace the flood,  
To brace their nerves and purify their blood ;  
Their floating garments oft reveal those charms,  
Which lawless gazers on the shore e'en warms.  
These are the vulgar, but when coyer dames,  
Would prove the virtue of the saline streams,  
Immer'd in baths or vehicles they ride,  
And wash themselves in a remoter tide,  
In private there the nymphs more beauteous rise,  
And shun th' encroachments of licentious eyes.

Soon



Soon as the vernal months lead the young year,  
Our Greenland ships their annual courses steer,  
Laden with death th' enormous whale to kill,  
Or catch the sea-calf, alias the seal;  
Whose skins, flesh, bones, when manufactur'd here,  
Adorn the feet, and case the British fair.  
Or when drear winter shrouds the solar rays,  
The oily lamps emit a softer blaze;  
These useful globes, nocturnal, point the way,  
That wand'ring strangers scarce can go astray.  
The hardy tars the pond'rous anchors weigh,  
Three loud huzzas as they put out to sea,  
Northward they steer and reach their destin'd goal,  
And moor the ship beneath the frozen pole;  
The boats are mann'd, and forth the sailors warm,  
With missive weapons each himself doth arm,  
Or o'er the ice in bands excursive roam,  
To club the seals, and drag the victims home;  
And when arriv'd,—the fishing seasons done,  
The bone and caps point out the spoils they've won.  
So vast his bulk, the young advent'rer fears,  
And from his destin'd voyage half deters,



Till once the skilful veteran hastened on,  
 With dauntless breast begins the bloody war;  
 The barbed dart launch'd from his nervous arm,  
 His part assign'd shews he can well perform;  
 The wounded fish soon feels the just design,  
 Dives in the deep and spins the running line,  
 Vast coils of cordage measures quick away,  
 And ocean scarce affords him room to play;  
 The busy boats exert their utmost skill,  
 All hands employ'd th' indignant foe to kill;  
 But see the monster pants for vital breath,  
 A preface sure of his approaching death,  
 A chasm vast his opening jaws disclose,  
 And from his nostrils forth an ocean throws;  
 With fin and tail he foams the gelid flood,  
 Discoulouring the surface with his blood,  
 Still to the last maintains the dreadful strife,  
 Then yields to death the largest part of life;  
 Yet oft a vig'rous fish requires more skill;  
 And deeper fraud him to annoy and kill;

The



The desp'rate fugitive his flight renews,  
 Each plying boat as swift the track pursues,  
 Intent and loath the mighty prize to lose.  
 Bestuck with irons the scorns their speed and wiles,  
 And leads the chase above two English miles;  
 Till the young anchors quit the blubb'ry foil,  
 And leave the crews to count their cost and toil.  
 Ye harpooneers who strike with steady aim,  
 Your sport may well be call'd the royal game,  
 One playful fish whether 'tis catch'd or loft,  
 Surpasses far what anglers here can boast.  
 Happy for you the lion's dreadful rage,  
 In these big forms you need not fear to engage;  
 Docile their tempers, easy to subdue,  
 Or horrid carnage 'twixt you might ensue.  
 Now to the ships they drag the vanquish'd prize,  
 Entrench his skin and soon anatomize,  
 The bone and blubber from his carcase tear,  
 And leave the crang\* to feast the hungry bear.

\* The Hulk, or that part of a fish left by the Spikeoneers.



When rig'rous seasons pinch the lab'ring poor,  
And meagre want assaults each cellar door,  
With famish'd looks the helpless babes demand,  
The random meals from the poor parent's hand;  
(Whose naked walls, alas, give no relief),  
Who thinks, and looks unutterable grief.  
As my poor Daphne, when her fate she mourns,  
And sighs, and weeps, and swoons convuls'd by turns,  
At length the joyful news comes firmly spread,  
And soon a gen'rous large subscription's made,  
A useful suppliment to stagnate trade.  
With ready zeal the gentlemen subscribe,  
To fires, and floods, and annual sums beside;  
Or when for nobler views you hoard the grain,  
To ope these gran'ries at prime cost again;  
This aids industry, checks the sluggard's hand,  
Who food and ease ingloriously demand.  
Thus the young Hebrew executes the scheme,  
Which Heaven suggested in a wond'rous dream,  
And stor'd immense his magazines of corn,  
When seven years famine made all countries mourn;

And



This minister of state so good and wise,  
Each famish'd nation round with food supplies;  
Old Jacob came his fav'rite son to own,  
Rais'd from an exile next to Pharoah's throne.  
Ye who the public bounty thus partake,  
See that a rightful use of it you make,  
Nor idly squander round the tavern fires,  
What fam'ly want at home loudly requires;  
It indicates a base, ungen'rous heart,  
Such goodness undeserv'd thus to pervert;  
True gratitude these genuine marks display,  
"Oh, how shall I such obligations pay."

Behind the front, yon dome abash'd retires,  
Its origin and use, the Muse enquires,  
'Tis the BLUE HOSPITAL built at free cost,  
The noblest charity this town can boast;  
A seminary for the orphan poor,  
From vice the mind, from sloth the hands, to cure;  
Learning and work adapted to each age,  
The term allotted usually engage.



Three hundred boys and girls this house supports,  
Which, yet the public influence farther courts;  
Tho' large endowments some have lib'ral given,  
Approv'd on earth and ratify'd in Heav'n;  
Clayton and Cunliffe, names for ever dear,  
Whose gen'rous actions, time shall long revere.  
Œconomy as matron, chief presides,  
The public stock impartially divides;  
Whilst Blundell acts with philanthropic soul,  
As manager and guardian of the whole,  
The arduous task well fitted to discharge,  
And rule the fam'ly though 'tis passing large;  
Proceed great man, till life's last sand is run,  
The part to finish you've so well begun,  
Like a free conduit to transmit these stores,  
Which public bounty through this channel pours;  
And let this motto on your grave be penn'd,  
"Here lies the widow's, orphan's, poor man's friend."  
At eight years old the house admiffion gives,  
And till fourteen their every want relieves,  
Nor empty handed none from hence doth go,  
Two pounds, new cloaths, the kind trustees bestow.

When



When Sunday dawns, and manual toil suspends,  
The school at church the worship close attends,  
Where mingling voices in full chorus rise,  
And bear the soul transported to the skies;  
In rank and file they march both to and fro,  
Enkindling oft the sympathetic glow,  
And charm'd spectators drop the grateful tear,  
Resolving to subscribe the following year.  
The spacious chapel next the children throng,  
To close the sacred day with prayer and song,  
The loud responses rise on every hand,  
To what the master's questions plain demand.  
To supper then the scholars glad repair,  
Their evening viands severally to share;  
The tables fill, each knows his proper place,  
Nor tastes the victuals till they ask a grace;  
Good bread and cheese, with wholesome table-beer,  
With stomachs keen, no sauce is wanted here.  
Ye paupers young, oh, thankful, thankful be,  
To HIM who dy'd on the accursed tree,  
His providence hath fix'd your situation,  
Nor treats you as the vermin of creation;

Himself



Himself the path of poverty hath trod,  
By most despis'd, but well approv'd of GOD.  
Mostly the poor, (says revelation's voice),  
Are the peculiar objects of his choice.  
In golden characters a list of names,  
Fix'd in the chapel, close inspection claims,  
The sums are mark'd that each kind donor gave,  
That done,—withdraw into the peaceful grave;  
A bright example to the rising age,  
In works of mercy timely to engage;  
Yet oh, methinks, 'tis nobler far to give,  
Our alms and offerings when in health we live,  
Than leave th' uncertain management to heirs,  
Who oft fall out about their several shares,  
Defeating oft the kind testator's aim,  
And thro' their folly wound his gen'rous name.  
Give what you please, but give in health and life,  
Nor leave this work to friend, trustees or wife;  
This is a vanity on this vain globe,  
For men to make their alms a dying job.  
With hideous aspect pendant o'er the stairs,  
The stuff'd sea-monsters skins at length appears,

An



An allegator, shark, or crocodile,  
Catch'd in the ocean or th' Egyptian Nile,  
Kept as a trophy of some seaman's arm,  
Bred in this school, who could such feats perform;  
This broad, enlarged, kind, benev'lent plan,  
Originated from a single man,  
His purse and heart bore up the weighty load,  
And prov'd himself the deputy of GOD;  
Till by degrees the glorious fabric rose,  
And charity in full perfection grows.  
This tree of life now bends with fruitage big,  
And rip'ning genius hangs on ev'ry twig;  
Or when kind heav'n bestows a fam'ly large,  
And finances unequal to their charge,  
The priv'ledg'd fire eas'd of domestic cares,  
This charity the tender scion rears;  
But should disease infect the hallow'd dome,  
And parents chuse to have their child at home,  
The house stands pledg'd th' expences to defray,  
And lifts bound duty into gen'rous pay.  
Hail, Britons hail! whose kind patricians plan,  
Such noble structures for indignant man;



Plan nor contribute, but support with care,  
And all th' vast expences annual bear.  
Oh, could the muse her gratitude express,  
To give you all your due nor give you less,  
Who this fam'd fabric gen'rously begun,  
Long rear'd in thought, nor ceas'd till actual done;  
Thousands shall bless you for the god-like deed,  
May Heaven its favours show'r down on each head.  
By your example led to sympathize,  
Shall those whose hearts ne'er op'd to pity's cries,  
Like Parnel's miser whom the gold cup charm'd,  
And future pilgrims hospitably warm'd;  
What num'rous crops of children here have grown,  
Now scatter'd wide round life's vast horizon;  
Beneath fair charity's warm brooding wings,  
Another hatch and still another springs.  
Ye who the rudiments of science drew  
First in the school, much it demands of you;  
If gales propitious waft you to and fro,  
Your kind donations lib'rally bestow;  
Or if your happier lot on shore is cast,  
Remember once a blue-coat boy thou wast,

Then



Then let that mercy which was shewn to thee,  
Flow freely back as rivers to the sea.

The Muse, descriptive shifts her rowing wing,  
And the DISPENSARY the next would sing,  
This charity the town has lately rais'd,  
Where thousands annually are cur'd and eas'd,  
But Clark in numbers which harmonious flow,  
Has sung this subject sev'ral years ago,  
Describ'd the halls, each parlour, ward and room,  
And prophesy'd of blessings long to come.  
See how its moving figures on the wall,  
For mercy and compassion loudly call;  
A sample of this gen'ral good is shewn,  
And breathes emphatic e'en on sculptur'd stone,  
While this memento to each reader cries,  
Go thou (whoe'er thou art) and do likewise.  
What crouds on crouds of poor and low degree,  
Diurnal wait at A——n's levee,  
Pains-taking man who walks his constant round,  
And dives in cells or where disease is found;

Or



Or when the faculty attend by turns,  
The num'rous patients range close on the forms,  
His optics keen inspect their papers all,  
He gives the med'cines each one's name does call.  
This house of mercy lends to all its aid,  
Indefinite the scale at first was laid;  
No barrier rules to keep you from this spot,  
If want and illness is your hapless lot.  
Young S——t, kind W——n or B——s,  
The thread of human life protracted spins,  
Repairs the vigour of the shatter'd frame,  
That ofttimes springs from guilty love and shame.  
These scenes of lewdness rouse th' indignant Muse,  
To lash th' unwholesome vermin of the stews,  
Such feats of sin young harlots now display,  
That shames e'en vice itself in open day,  
Their arts delusive oft decoy old age,  
And men like flies within their traps engage.  
Ye youth incautious flee the fatal snare,  
Th' infected house of lust, oh, come not near,  
Forbear to toy, or glance, or wishful gaze,  
Beneath the lawn which on the bosom plays;

They



They wear angelic forms in outward shew,  
But oh, reflect, the devils are angels too,  
These round the earth as those the city roam,  
And leave destruction wheresoe'er they come;  
Let marriage chaste, allay your fierce desires,  
This GOD approves, and nature's law requires,  
Nor wound your body, nor your soul debase,  
And risque damnation for a snatch'd embrace,  
So shall you cheat the doctor of his fee,  
Nor for a cure burden a charity.

Next gentle pity, lovely virgin come,  
And sing the blessings of yon spacious dome,  
Where boundless mercy opens all her stores,  
Diffusing health around the neighb'ring shores;  
Antient Bethesda ne'er could boast such cures,  
And free subscription all th' expence secures;  
Men of all ranks and characters combine,  
To aid this grand beneficent design;  
Even social meetings, church and theatre too,  
Think that no good to them can e'er accrue,  
Unless the INFIRMARY have first its due.

N

When



When black rebellion rear'd its daring head,  
Then the foundation of this house was laid;  
The panic here it seems was scarcely known,  
But LIVERPOLIA's great designs went on.  
At length this noble edifice was rear'd,  
And tenants soon for every ward appear'd;  
Poor wretched lazars spread their fest'ring sores,  
And gain'd admission at the friendly doors.  
No case refus'd that suits its just design,  
But sheds on all its influence benign.  
Care, order, cleanness, strictly are observ'd,  
And each with proper regimen is serv'd;  
The labels fix'd around the patient's bed,  
Inform the nurses how they're to be fed;  
On lib'ral principles this building stands,  
And crowding patients stretch their craving hands.  
But soon their wants a gen'rous public hears,  
And charity another wing still rears.  
Here fam'd practitioners in the healing art,  
Their best prescriptions constantly impart;  
And skilful surgeons as expert as they,  
To prune th' excreffencies of life away;

The



The languid pulse is taught a regular beat, front in front and  
 And fractur'd bones cemented firmly meet; led the prayers the bell  
 The human fabric vig'rous rais'd afresh, the at the better only  
 And wither'd sinews cloth'd anew with flesh. The managers and  
 Some safe invet'rate medicine's art repels, Or when the board  
 And only such this friendly house expels; These claim admittance  
 And some such sullen tim'rous tempers shew, See plenty stand  
 All operations for a cure forego. Her eyes as if the heav'n's the  
 Should each brave tar, who fails from out this port, and this  
 Give sixpence monthly to its firm support, this (love) make  
 Better apply'd than when at \*Nich'los shrine, Nor does this  
 They offer'd gifts, and thought those gifts divine. It is like  
 Now more improv'd, intelligence they've gain'd, Has food the  
 And from such frauds religious, long refrain'd, and with  
 Nor need they grudge to grant the trifling aid, Here I  
 When such disasters close attend their trade. And justice  
 Behind this goodly mansion of distress, Great human  
 The spacious garden lies well stor'd with trees; In the

\* A Statue in the Old Church-yard, to which the Sailors gave an offering when they  
 went to sea.



The clock in front, and area rail'd around;  
 To prayers the bell invites with solemn sound;  
 The porter only at the front allows,  
 The managers and pillars of the house;  
 Or when the board at stated periods sit,  
 These claim admittance too in coach or foot.  
 See † Plenty stands with cornucopia stor'd,  
 Her eyes as if the heav'n's she meek implor'd,  
 And this the tenor of the goddess's prayer,  
 "Make (Jove), this house, thine own peculiar care."  
 Nor does this building meanly rise to view,  
 'Tis like some palace and infirm'ry too,  
 Has stood the patronage of forty years;  
 "I end with time," it this inscription bears.  
 Here L——'s skill profound has oft been shewn,  
 And studious C——'s worth conspicuous known;  
 G——d humane aspires to lasting fame,  
 In the distinguish'd list enrolls his name;  
 P——s, A——n and deep read B——h too,  
 My warmest thanks to all your merits due;

† The Statue of the goddess of Plenty, which stands in the Infirmary garden.



Nor shall the Muse leave C——n aught behind,  
Who well prescrib'd for my young girl when blind.  
If those who ask no charitable aid,  
A doctor call,—the doctor must be paid;  
But objects here whose cases may require,  
Command them all without reserve or hire.  
So fast these num'rous institutions throng,  
They cast behind my dull protracted song;  
Within the bound'ry of this present year,  
Two \* younger charities bring up the rear,  
Let an attentive mind the whole survey,  
What sums prodigious can th' expence defray,  
The fund exhaustless which the whole supports,  
Are bounteous hands, and lib'ral British hearts.

The WORKHOUSE next my humble lay demands,  
Conspicuous on an eminence it stands;  
What mighty transports oft the paupers fill,  
Who claim a lawful priv'lege to the hill;

\* The Marine Society, and the Lunatic Asylum.



If wholesome viands swell their bill of fare,  
No want of room, free exercise and air.  
In seventy-one this mansion rose complete,  
To poverty a snug and warm retreat;  
Where stern misfortunes needful succours find,  
And carking cares are scatter'd to the wind,  
Nor rents nor taxes e'er perplex the mind.  
Yet still industry through the whole prevades,  
And all doth occupy their sev'ral trades.  
Ye kind trustees your studious thoughts engage,  
To soothe th' infirmities of want and age;  
Ah, haply better days in youth they've known,  
And lib'ral given, and gave what was their own;  
The scanty pittance now they humbly claim,  
Bestow it chearful to the blind and lame.  
Dispers'd in companies throughout the town,  
In former times the poor were scarcely known;  
But since th' establishment of this free place,  
This the head-quarters of the regiment is,  
Save where those fires and antiquated dames,  
A different charter than the parish claims,

And



A P O E M.

57

And more commodious tenements they hold,  
In this new scite than e'er they did in th' old;  
And all their sacred priv'leges are shewn,  
Like the commands on two tables of stone.  
Ne'er let that fordid scheme be practis'd here,  
The poor to farm, or auction by the year;  
'Twixt this and other sales the difference lies,  
The lowest bidder here obtains the prize.  
Thus the dead weight which weighs the parish down,  
Is on the shoulders of contractors thrown.  
But here the poor such hardships never know,  
No rig'rous task-masters were B——ks and L——e,  
The mem'ry of thy death, oh, B——ks shall last,  
A noble cat'rer for the house thou wast;  
And while thy steps the managers pursue,  
This public fam'ly still shall have its due,  
Shall o'er their bounteous meals rejoice and sing,  
GOD bless our governors and save the king.

The Muse on charities has dwelt too long,  
The HALL OF HARMONY now swells my song;

In



In Bold-street rear'd for music set apart,  
And shew t' advantage all that sacred art.  
Oh, would my scanty finances admit,  
A willing vot'ry here I'd often sit,  
To hear great Handel's notes majestic roll,  
And the full chorus fire th' enraptur'd soul.  
Messiah, Israel, Sampson, themes divine,  
My scrannel pipe these sacred songs could join.  
Let Chloe's charms and Damon's hackney'd name,  
The youthful audience circling round enflame;  
The oratorio with great cost and toil,  
Handel collected in a foreign soil,  
Taught sacred domes a more exalted style,  
And tun'd each instrument in Britain's isle.  
If measur'd sounds so sweet on earth do prove,  
Then what must be the harmony above,  
Where skill intuitive each perfect gains,  
And joys eternal fill th' etherial plains.  
When Israel's king once in an evil hour,  
Was influenced by a dæmon's pow'r,  
'Twas sacred music's sweet enchanting strain,  
Calm'd the distemper'd frenzy of his brain;

This



This cheers the soldier in the martial strife,  
And adds new graces to politer life,  
Dispels the gloom of deep corroding care,  
The chief amusement of the British fair.

The THEATRE-ROYAL built with care and cost,  
Near twenty years this wealthy town can boast ;  
Once Drury-lane its antient rights maintain'd,  
Till Gibson for this house a patent gain'd ;  
His wish, the plan, and the foundation laid,  
Then off life's stage his final exit made ;  
In Walton church-yard this comedian lies,  
And tuneful Pope his epitaph supplies ;  
" A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod,  
" An honest man's the noblest work of GOD. "  
The chief amusement in this present age,  
Decidedly we must confess the stage ;  
All forms of life in mimicry are shewn,  
Except the christian character alone.  
Here Shakespear's muse unrivall'd stands confess'd,  
Garrick's just action all the bard express'd ;

P

Though



Though actors die, dramatic works survive,  
And play'rs succeeding keep the scenes alive;  
K——le and S——s now possess the art,  
To touch each secret movement of the heart.  
While sprightly M——ks in the comic scene,  
Plays with the youthful vigour of fifteen.  
Here human genius tries its utmost flight,  
And soars sublime above the vulgar fight;  
Such scenes as Addison and Thomson drew,  
Are only known to the discerning few;  
Rowe, Dryden, Lee, young Congrieve, Otway, Steel,  
Impress those sentiments themselves did feel.  
Now modern trifles, falsely nam'd a play,  
Like mushrooms rise, like bubbles melt away,  
To raise a laugh or clap, 'tis all their aim,  
But those the mind with gen'rous thoughts inflame.  
Young shoots of beauty circling round the stage,  
The rising glory of the future age;  
When the revolving scenes before you pass,  
Is vice triumphant,—virtue in distress?  
Abhor the former, and the last embrace,  
A virtuous beauty wears an angel's face.

With



With hopes of gain and just ambition led,  
In all directions see the vessels spread.  
But chief this town it claims the Afric trade,  
The merchant's toil this amply has repaid ;  
Some sweep the Guinea coast their ships to slave,  
And negro convicts from destruction save,  
With honest traffic and advent'rous toil,  
Transplants them in a civilized soil,  
Where knowledge dawns on the chaotic mind,  
And tastes the joys of human life refin'd.  
Now CHRIST's religion they may hear and learn,  
Which savage ignorance could ne'er discern.  
Who knows but Heaven is paving out the way,  
Divine instruction thither to convey ?  
To barb'rous climes where gospel-light ne'er dawn'd,  
His sacred word, with power he can command,  
And from these emigrants means to collect,  
The scatter'd remnant of his own elect.  
Instructed hence in civil social life,  
The chaste connections of a virtuous wife,  
Numbers by servitude themselves commend,  
Are bless'd with British freedom in the end.

Those



Those pamper'd here who at the carriage swing,  
Enjoy more pleasures than an Afric king.  
Some partial ills attend a gen'ral good,  
Such the Slave-trade, when rightly understood;  
Whate'er mens motives, int'rests, views or ends,  
GOD's providence the whole superintends.  
You whose warm zeal before your reason runs,  
And with feign'd wrongs the public ear now stuns,  
Who loud remonstrate 'gainst the Afric trade,  
Pretending JESUS' footsteps thus you tread.  
Did he emancipate the Jewish nation,  
And doom the Romans for their usurpation?  
No regal powers to Israel did restore,  
But left the tribes enthrall'd to Roman power;  
Will you to more humanity pretend,  
Than HIM emphatic stil'd the sinner's friend?  
Humanity is now the pop'lar cry,  
Some years ago 'twas Wilkes and liberty;  
Yet so inconstant is the public voice,  
That soon must die,—succeeds another choice.  
Humanity tho' pleasing is the name,  
To folly turns when stretch'd to the extreme,

This



This naked principle would fondly save,  
 The victims doom'd the injur'd laws do crave,  
 Allow its claims no culprit then would swing,  
 No safety then for subject or the king,  
 If law and justice lose their useful stings,  
 No punishment, delinquents hence would scare  
 Discipline 'mongst our troops and ships of war,  
 Proud of its triumphs with fallacious guise,  
 It melts the bosom, drowns the weeping eyes,  
 Like optic glasses fitted to deceive,  
 We grasp the object but we nothing have,  
 To trace this subject to its fountain head,  
 When the first happy pair their GOD obey'd,  
 Rightful dominion o'er the earth they sway'd,  
 Sin made its fatal entrance on the stage,  
 Since men and beasts in mutual strife engage,  
 Th' oppressors and oppress'd alternate reign,  
 As time and place and circumstance ordain.  
 Hence slav'ry then is the effect of Sin,  
 Can only end with what it did begin,  
 While men are finners some must slav'ry bear,  
 And the broad badge of fallen nature wear,



# L I V E R P O O L,

All men are slaves here in this mortal life,  
 The husband slaves for children and his wife.  
 Pleasures, amusements, dress and equipage,  
 Enslave the triflers of this present age,  
 The poor to th' rich, the rich unto the kings,  
 And these are captives to some other thing.  
 The Jewish law, at least the moral part,  
 Is surely binding on each British heart;  
 And slavery then was deem'd a legal trade,  
 When GOD himself was lawgiver and head.  
 To love our neighbour as ourselves is right,  
 Our charity intends a bolder flight.  
 We've beat the French and Dons by land and sea,  
 And now we'll beat them with our piety.  
 Suppose the government the slaves should free,  
 The native consequence will surely be,  
 Ruin at home, for slav'ry will remain,  
 And swell the revenues of France and Spain.  
 Merchants, tars, shipwrights, some with fam'lies great,  
 To distant climes compell'd to emigrate;  
 The trade exil'd what must mechanics do,  
 But close the banish'd fugitive pursue.

But



But if the trade illegal could be prov'd,  
 Yet LIVERPOLIA stands but half reprov'd,  
 Her annual profits gen'rously apply'd,  
 Might turn the scale of justice on her side:  
 Thro' Britain's isle with weary'd steps I've trod,  
 And observations on each place bestow'd;  
 But LIVERPOOL stands in the first degree,  
 For public spirit and bright charity.  
 Let none too rash condemn the Afric trade,  
 Till once the subject they have duly weigh'd;  
 Tho' Moors are purchas'd from their native shore,  
 And sold for slaves, were they not so before?  
 'Tis prov'd their state is better'd,—not made worse,  
 Then slav'ry is a blessing, not a curse.  
 Oh, might the Muse, her suffrages subjoin,  
 To those who've thank'd lord Penrhyn and Gascoyne,  
 Who stood so stanch to prop the Afric trade,  
 When Whilberforce its condemnation read.

North of this town an awful pile appears,  
 Which the stern signature of justice bears,

Sanction'd



## L I V E R P O O L,

Sanction'd by law, on the Howardian plan,  
A lasting monument to praise the man.  
To soothe the horrors of a ling'ring jail,  
By schemes humane he does himself avail;  
Makes e'en confinement wear a smile serene,  
So Hercules did th' Augean stable clean.  
Here bold offenders jostled erst in throngs,  
To sep'rate cells and echo waste their lungs;  
This modern regulation's wisely made,  
For felons crowded lend each other aid,  
But solitude gives contemplation room,  
To mourn past guilt,—redeem the time to come.  
But yet 'tis needful for the public's sake,  
That justice should some culprits overtake;  
When on their guilty heads vengeance is hurl'd,  
This awes a thoughtless bold offending world;  
But the dread apparatus of the tree,  
Scarce in an age at LIVERPOOL we see.  
Some future mode of punishment we hope,  
May yet be substituted for the rope.  
Hanging's so common grown in this our isle,  
That harden'd villains at the gallows smile;

Till



Till GOD and conscience teach a man t' obey,  
No curb like these to shun destruction's way.  
That useful mode t' instruct the vagrant poor,  
Bids fair each daring crime betimes to cure;  
The Sunday Schools e'en majesty commends,  
And all who're virtue's or religion's friends.  
The little stragglers glean'd with pious care,  
No more with blasphemy defile the air,  
But learn to read and chaunt their Maker's praise,  
For useful life a firm foundation lays.  
Oh, would the parents aid your pious zeal,  
But some unthankful are,—no favours feel;  
When disencumber'd from their fam'lies care,  
The sunday pleasures then they joyous share,  
Others their hapless lot and pen'ry mourn,  
And strive to prop,—not your efforts o'erturn.

Oh LIVERPOLIA, still more brighter shine,  
Be free commerce, arms, arts and learning thine,  
Thy ample volumes swell, t' instruct and please,  
Thy hardy tars who tempt the dang'rous seas.

R

Bristol



Bristol long strove t' eclipse thy rising fame,  
 Now this emporium boasts a nobler name.  
 The annual custom at this port that's paid,  
 Three hundred thousand pounds, and more 'tis said,  
 May upright magistrates o'er thee preside,  
 To punish vice and smoothe its crested pride;  
 This high prerogative heav'n first ordain'd,  
 That virtue's dignity might be maintain'd.  
 'Tis only sin that vile accursed thing,  
 Th' infected box \* whence all disorders spring.  
 What drove seven nations from their native soil,  
 That Israel's seed might reap th' abandon'd spoil?  
 Those marts Sidon and Tyre are now no more,  
 Hush'd is the sound of ev'ry dashing oar.  
 These certain truths, oh LIVERPOLIA hear,  
 We stand securest when we wisely fear;  
 From th' oracles divine we surely know,  
 What makes us happy and what keeps us so.

\* Pandora's Box, so well known in the heathen Mythology. *Vide*, The Story of it in  
 Ovid's Metamorphosis.

F I N I S.





